

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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The Principles of Nature.

Continued from 175.
SPIRITUALISM IN NASHVILLE, TENN.
From the Manuscript Records of Rev. J. H. Ferguson.

August 2, 1855.

For three weeks past, Mrs. Ferguson has been suffering from the prevalent disease of the season, and is yet much prostrated. We had made arrangements for her removal to the country, and a visit among our friends in Kentucky had been decided. On the day prior to her starting, her physician had decided it extremely hazardous for her to undertake the trip. At the very moment she was giving his opinion, Mr. Champion, by spiritual suggestion, opposed it uncompromisingly; and without a knowledge of the opinion of either, in another room a medium who had called in to bid us "good by," came under spiritual influence, and spoke as follows:

It would have been better had this visit been postponed at least a week. There hangs a cloud of gloom over these proceedings. It is dangerous to behold it, and it is turned from my eyes. If it could be possible to reconcile her mind for one week, and if not, for a few days, it would be much better. She will look upon the disappointment sadly, but it will not do for her to undergo the fatigue. She is not as strong as she seems. She has been too much excited.

This is not my first unavailing visit. I have impressed her with the necessity of the most undisturbed quiet, and I fear she will not now appreciate my interest in her behalf. I see the frailty of her nature, and I have watched over her for years. I have felt a double care for her—more than a sister's; I will feel it. Tell her to postpone, at least, three days, and she will then see the propriety of our advice.

Tell her I have been to her guardian angel during her illness. At noon, when she was unconscious of her situation, I have endeavored to strengthen her mind, and impress upon her the necessity of being patient for this journey. She yields too much, I fear, to the impulse of the moment, for her welfare. She is very feeble. She is aware of this, but she is not aware of the danger to which the least imprudence exposes her. Tell her to take this as the advice of a kind sister who has long since passed from her earthly sight; she loves me, and I think will be advised by me; she will not need my name.

The medium, after a moment or two, in which we supposed she was being released from the pleasing influence that inspired the above judicious and sisterly advice, continued as from another spirit-friend:

There approaches a tall and majestic form, noble and commanding in its bearing, upright and fearless in his aims, who seems to have something to say to you. He speaks: "You were not acquainted with me in life, although you visited me once when age had made me how ever afraid to receive you. You have read of me, but we were not personally acquainted. When you visited me, you were but a mere boy, a comparison with my age; but I would say, though a boy, a child in comparison, my experience in spiritual life was and is far in advance of what I knew in the flesh. In life, as a man, I seemed on air of dignity and nobleness of character; but though lofty in life, I was humbled in death. I felt when that hour approached, that my past education and training had been to me a mere blank.

I was trained and educated in the Presbyterian faith. I knew nothing outside of it, as it regarded my spiritual nature. Yet, when that hour approached, in which I felt and knew that my spirit must shake off its mortal nature, I found nothing to cling to—all was blank before me. I stared with horror—what, in toward—the future. My vision was dim, and darkened by what I supposed to be light. I had not been taught in what way I might have penetrated the dark scenes of that stage I saw must irrevocably take place. Though reared from a child to that faith, I felt there was something lacking to bear me through the dark mist that ever veils the sight of mortals. I felt, then, the importance of ever possessing that light that God gives, to enable us to cut from our vision the gloom that hides the clear glory of the Spirit-houses, toward which all are hastening. 'Twas then, my child, my boy, I looked back upon life to see a vacancy not to be filled. 'Twas then, and only then, I could see life as it is—I mean, life in the body, its existence upon earth, and not the life that never dies. I saw plainly the lack of that spiritual power to which every man clings, though too often it is dimmed by the false creeds of human tyranny—the deceptions of the different churches. How often are you told (and how we still repeat) that is best our Church; O the blindness of man! How many will yet persist in their false teaching. Are they not yet satisfied that thousands upon thousands, yes, generation after generation, have been led, as it were, by a blind superstition, till at last they would fall blindfold into the arms of death, to be raised from their sleep of ignorance, yet to be taught their God? And how many of us—I mean, Spirits—have passed away from the vision of man to where we have much to do that might have been done while we were upon earth! It is that which keeps many a good Spirit back. For myself and many others I can speak.

When I looked and saw the change must come, I found around me many dear friends yet in the flesh, for whose sake I would have given worlds for the power to show them what was, at moments, presented before my eyes, as my Spirit seemed suspended between the earth and the state beyond.

Did not die in the battle-field—No. Though I had passed through many scenes of that kind, and had commanded hundreds of human beings who would at any moment have offered up their lives for me as their children and commander; though I had passed through the scenes of a bloody war, where my friends lay weltering in their blood, and then I felt, as I grasped the hand of a fellow-soldier in death, that he had been, and was, a being too noble, too pure in his aims, to be sent into what I then believed an eternity of torment. Even then my spiritual instincts would say to his Spirit, it could not be he could be thrown into that horrible doom I had been taught awaited all who had not professed religion. Then I felt my lack of knowledge—that knowledge now spreading over the entire universe. I felt that man was immortal; and I should have known that there was something of God's Spirit in him which could not be consigned to that horrible doom. When I look back on that day, my nature from God and my creed from man were even at war, but the latter prevailed over me, and often I wondered to find that some of my noblest friends were in that awful fate.

I now feel that had I, in youth, been taught this blessed hope to you, my dear friends, I could have spoken many a word of comfort to their sinking souls as they departed, neither I nor they knew whither. That was denied me. Even when the roar of fearful cannon was in my ear, and the earth was strewn with the forms men's madness filled upon her more kindly bosom, something would gently say to me, *calm thy spirit*; all is not so dark and gloomy as thy ignorant soul anticipates. God is good and just; and in his own time he will lift from thy darkened vision the veil thy fleshly nature cannot penetrate.

But I will drop these scenes of horror war. I have referred to them only to assure you as to who addresses you. Many a true American heart yet remembers the 9th of January, 1861.

As I attempted to portray to you (the medium resists the full impression I would make), I did not die in the battle-field, but at my own home—among my friends. Many around you remember the day. To many such, both male and female, my love extends. In that hour, as I attempted to say, I knew that many would feel that after death I would be no more. While this feeling was upon me, a voice majestic beyond all power of description was presented to my mind's eye. I had no words to describe it to my friends. I might then have seen how easy it is for a Spirit to be near its earthly friend. Let me now say, my brothers, all, there is no hindrance to prevent our seeing you at any time. But your fleshly nature would start back alarmed at the glory of the bliss. We do not mean to say that it is impossible for you to behold it. Nothing is impossible with God. But I wish to say, the time is fast approaching when you will not need the aid of a second person. You may feel you are prepared for it now; but you know not. Remember how many centuries have passed in almost utter darkness, and you will see how many obstacles obstruct your way. God has purposed, my brother, my son, to reward your labors. Yet will he take his own time, so to speak, and his own way, to accomplish this reward: Remember, O man! that art but an instrument. Thy anxiety prevents thy progression. Yet God says his light shall shine through the universe. He gives no date when this shall be accomplished. It is good to wait for the unfolding of his purposes.

I wish to say to you, that when my Spirit had finished all there was for me to do upon earth, I threw off, as it were, my regalia. I laid down my arms and my temporary honors, when I laid aside my flesh. I was then wafted by angels who had protected me through the dangers of the field, and gently folded in their arms and carried where I remained. I know not how long; for I told you my early training darkened my mind. I can not tell how long I remained, for we do not measure time or space. Though unconscious as to where I was, I had made time to all belief on earth that I was wafted to heaven, as they called it. This was stated as my funeral. Well do I remember. Well did I chide the minister, and tried to impress him that he knew not where or what I was. No; at the very moment he said I was in the face of heaven, I had not left the procession; nor did I leave it till that frail body, which was then a mere nothing, was deposited. Then I wandered forth, still in the possession of these angel Spirits. I was wafted into this sphere, where, for a time, I remained almost unconscious. When I was awakened, as from a sweet sleep, my spirit was ready for progression. I felt there was one near me, an angel relative, but I was too blind to realize what I was. I was, however, though by a simple and laudatory word preached to heaven; I was suffering all the gloom of its false and bewildering teaching. From that period my spirit has been advancing, commencing, as it were, at the alphabet. By the agency of these kind and devoted Spirit-friends, I have attained my present position. It is one of sufficient happiness to be able, by the guidance of those much purer than I am, to visit your earthly regions with the intention of benefiting mankind.

I have been often present at your meetings, but have only been permitted to look upon the proceedings before me. It was my desire to come to earth to keep them off the dark gloom of that vision of Woe that hangs like a nightmare upon the mind of man—of every man who has not been sufficiently enlightened to view death as a change, and not a doom—for there is no such word as *doom* in all God's dominions.

For the present I withhold my name. You understand me. As I progress, I hope to be able to visit, enlighten, and instruct many. Receive my fatherly adieu!

REMARKS.

The above is evidently from General Andrew Jackson. It is not as perfect as he desired it, and hence he withholds his name. The medium was very hard to impress, and was not conscious as to the person communicating. I had no judgment as to who it was till the reference to the battle of New Orleans and the memorable eighth of January. It is but due to truth to say that I never visited General Jackson but once, which was two years before his death as stated in the communication, and that the medium did not know but that I had often visited him. The communication I regard as somewhat characteristic, but by no means as much so, as it would be were there a purpose to impose upon any one, in either medium or reporter.

The advice to Mrs. Ferguson was found to be the protection of her health, and perhaps her life; for the next day she was scarcely able to lift her head from the pillow. The medium in the above was Mrs. Lee Coleman, who will be as much surprised as any one, by the character of the communication, as we determined to say nothing of any part of it to her, save that which related to Mrs. Ferguson's illness.

September 26, 1855.

I sit down to record the results of the past seven weeks, and find them so varied and remarkable that it will be difficult to give even a running estimate of the power of Spirit-presence they so unquestionably establish. We commence with an account of healing influences, such as we have never met in the history of the world. In our published records, page 46, is an account of a prophetic promise concerning our daughter Virginia, then in her thirteenth year. It was then said by our Spirit-relative, at a time when our investigations were but commenced, "That her pure nature would be used for spiritual power that would confound all unbelievers." We received the promise with more of fear than of hope; and although many unsought but highly interesting communications had been received through her, we advised her to desist from seeking them, and devote her attention to her education. Months had passed without evidence of anything remarkable in her experiences. Her diseases—having inherited anything but a strong constitution—

were healed in her sleep; but although we had the most satisfactory evidence of this fact, and saw daily the promise of perfect health; our attention was so much directed to other sources of Spirit-influx, that we gave her, in this regard, no attention whatever.

At the close of the last session of her school in June, she and a younger sister and brother were sent on a visit to our friends, in Maryville, Ky. Her mother expected to have followed in a few days, with a view of spending the summer at that hospitable mansion of tried friendship. She was detained by sickness, as referred to above. After a delay of six weeks, we were enabled to visit them, when to our surprise we were informed, by every member of the family, of the following wonderful manifestations through our own child.

While the family were seated in the parlor in conversation upon the probable sickness of the country, Virginia suddenly and unexpectedly to all, came under spiritual influence; assumed with much dignity and pleasantness the character of a physician; alternately addressed them in what appeared an Indian dialect, and English, and otherwise entertained and astonished all present. At this time a negro boy came in from the field, complaining of a severe pain in the shoulder, and inability to use his arm. She instantly took hold of him, and described the circumstances under which he had been injured; relieved him by hand but comparatively painless manipulations. She then called for a clean cup and spoon. She required it to be washed in the presence of all. No one anticipated or could anticipate what she intended. She took the cup, and with the spoon seemed anxiously mixing some liquid. After a few moments, she held it before their astonished gaze, when it was seen to contain a mixture of the consistency of thin paste, oily to the touch, and of dark color. All were satisfied, for all was conducted in the broad daylight, and without moving from their presence. She added some water and gave to every invalid on the premises, each one of which described its taste, some of them not having witnessed and not knowing how it was produced. This was repeated every day for two weeks; each invalid but one has recovered; and the boy who could not lift his hand, as if the arm was dislocated, was made in a few hours to raise it as readily as the other, and any heavy weights, such as chairs upon it, outstretched.

When these things were related to me, despite my experience, I confess I could not believe. The most reliable men and women I had ever known in all my intercourse with mankind, and simple-minded negroes and children, were the witnesses. I heard with surprise, and strove to be incredulous. In the midst of my disturbed reasoning upon what was related, she came into the room, and at once our friends said, "Be quiet and you will see." Her mother was sitting near me, quite feeble, and was evidently somewhat alarmed at the appearance and manner of Virginia. She spoke with a most impressive dignity and sweetness of manner, and seemed to remove the very atmosphere of fear. She spoke of herself as a second person, and her mother instantly recognized her spiritual guides. She gently manipulated her mother's region of the lungs; gave directions to myself and others as to the necessity of an upright posture of body for health, and having engaged the attention of all, called for her cup and spoon. In our presence she made a colored liquid with no materials near her, apparently from the atmosphere; and an ointment which she used on the neck of a neuralgic gentleman present. We saw, we felt, we tasted. We were not, for we could not be mistaken. This we witnessed every day for a week, until every invalid, save one was restored. If it is esteemed necessary to refer to names, I would mention W. D. Meriwether, Esq., and his mother Mrs. B. Meriwether, Mrs. King and daughter, Mrs. Williamson, and the servants of the family.

She is now with us at home; goes regularly to school; we never suffer her to be asked to submit to this influence; but almost every day, some one comes in, unconscious of her powers, for whose benefit she is made the subject of this influence, and always for the benefit of the sick. Her mother is again restored. I have no comments to make on this brief narrative. It is beyond my comprehension—confounds my ignorance, but excites my hope. I believe my senses, therefore have I spoken. Of her I have only to say, that from a child she has been devotedly cheerful, truthful to an eminent degree; loved by all; of good mind, but nothing above that of girls of her age; certainly deficient in what is usually called talent. She was born February, 1841; is a child in all her tastes.

During our stay at Maryville, we received the following, among many private communications made to several members of the family, from Mrs. Ferguson and others—from our young and promising friend, G. W. Harrison. It was spoken at intervals, but began at twilight:

TWILIGHT.
"Twilight! bluish hour divine!
None but angels call thee 'mine!
Peace doth mark thy silent tread,
Hallowed are the thoughts then shed
Brigdest thou from realms supernal,
Foras that whisper truth eternal;
Inspiration pure and holiest,
Sheddest thou upon the lowliest."

Then turning to us, as if addressing us, he continued.

Angels heavenly, tend the ever;
When thy earthly life shall sever,
Ere thy outer form shall slumber,
Thou wilt join our radiant number!

I feel immersed in thought, while viewing the mighty, yet gradual unfolding of powers reflected in infinitude. The conceptions of man's highest nature fall far short of realizing these inspirations.

There comes one now to my vision who would love to speak. He is tall, of dark complexion, of robust frame, of stately walk and of a destiny befitting the god-like capacities instilled in man. He comes me to exclaim: O degraded nature! from whence comest thou, that man should spurn the emanations which lift him to his God?

I see a vast gathering whose thoughts seem concentrated and congenial. The clouds intercept their vision, but the brilliant orb will break forth. Its shadows fall upon those who wear a true semblance to their God. Let us ever feel, amid contentious clouds, that there is one ray of light whose illuminating brilliancy marks out for the honest and true, the proper pathway when all others are obscured.

Nature's divine Will holdeth together and invigorates her lower off-spring. Thus shall man fall to be governed by the faculties instilled within. The dawn is breaking almost imperceptibly; yet its marked results have already aroused; to a wonderful activity, these impulses and desires which have long been clogged. But the stream meanders on in its silent course, until I behold a mighty surging of the waters whose tide is life; and it beareth on its surface memories of divine hope. Yet there loth concealed, amid its mingling conceptions, obstacles that wreck the buoyancy of Nature's fabric. Why will it not calm? What mean its conflicting elements? It bespeaketh and showeth but a representation of a strange flowing of degraded interests, yet all set subservient to man's future development.

This tide of conflict will be darker still; for it is the reflection of changing clouds, illustrating and foreshadowing a stormy career, croaking, as it were, upon the immensity of life. How shall we meet it? I hear a whisper, which speaks to us and says, "BOLTER, for it is nought but changing emergencies."

Be united. Let Harmony be your talisman; Hope the guiding orb; Obedience your guiding ambition. Thus regulate the principles tending to your advancement. Be not inoperative in carrying out the divine tendencies wafted to you from afar, by the over-present messengers that have long thrown off the forms.

O Nature! how grand thy laws! yet inferior to those that govern man when wearing his true semblance. The unfoldings of the Spirit exhibit daily conceptions that breathe a grand living world within itself; but we realize not the march of progression, and fall to appreciate its influence, connecting the links that have long since been severed by the dark ages of fanaticism, whose hold weakens the connection existing between man and his God. We fall to draw the distinction justly and properly concerning man's highest nature. Could we be less conclusions about forms, and strike at the root of evil ambition contemplating his existence by poisonous growth, we could move unerringly to a true conception of the soul's emanations.

You often ask, How are we to sincerely and more truthfully worship the Great Father of all? Its explanation is LIFE. It breathes around you in its varied circles, from the most minute whose existence is ephemeral, to man whose destiny is immortal; yet it emanates from one great source, and all is warmed by the congenial rays of its meridian sun.

Then why should man be less favored? Why should he not also receive a comforting beam of an inner existence? Is he unworthy? No. Nature seeks a congeniality with man, and follows the illuminating light, though it be small, emanating from the inner recesses of his god-like faculties, when he fails not in grasping that which his Heavenly Father gives him to nurture well. The soul is the center; congenial creation is the emanation, and its principles are given to man to guide him in the path of peace and knowledge. The evidences of himself and his congeniality are his proper passport and independent protector.

Then consent thou to grasp infinitude around thee, and become not entrained by contracted forms that corrupt freedom? The will of your inward monitor is the will of your God. Sow thistles with a delicate plant, and you choke its growth.

Yet listen! for I hear the once enthralled membership of Humanity at large, exclaiming in tones that whisper Mellenium's approach, "The once considered lost have redeemed their kindred!"

Be ye watchful! Be ye active in encouraging and elevating the influences given through our mediums. Let us construct a permanent basis that will support the ever-living principles given to man, that he may cooperate with them and make them perfect. To do this is to seek congeniality in its true sense. By this I mean, that, as harmonious laborers, you should readily proclaim these results. To appreciate you must grow well. To produce effective results, then should be at all times careful in thy interviews. Be understandingly as one in thought and action. God's law is immutable; man's superior emanations from the divinity should be unwavering. Hence both are one. The successful consummation of the one emanation serves for the final establishment of the other. Thus think, act, and accomplish within yourself, and let Humanity at large be your observers, and, if willing, your aids.

The ultimate supremacy of this cause is certain; and its brilliant result will become conspicuous to all. For the present I will speak no more. I find our impressions difficult to convey. The veil that once enshrouded the grave's solitudes, and concealed the eternal world, is now pierced, yet it revealeth nothing unnatural. I could say more, but I have another motive which can not now be carried out. It will be ultimately.

The cloud's overshadowing human kind
Is pierced by rays of thought's radiant mind,
And cheered by his divinely shrouded
In calm and quiet harmony.

The world goes free from bonds that bound
An earthly race in misery found,
And seek repose in earthly grandeur,
Fretting their freedom round,
Yet 'neath yoke of sin's night
A form so meek, in darkness light,
Doth guide the steps of those who stray,
Who follow truth and reason's light,
To press the mind to heavenly heights,
And speak in heavenly symphony.

REMARK.

We would not publish the above were we to consult our views of policy, and the opinion of men as yet unborn to thought. We know the annoyances from prejudice, immature judgment, and boastful skepticism, to which it subjects all concerned. But our own progress, which we desire to estimate above all the crude estimates of men unobscured of the foreshadowings of the day that witnesses our responsibilities, depends upon faithfulness to this holiest of causes. We are made witnesses, unworthy we feel and know ourselves to be in many respects, but not in the fear of mortal estimates of eternal truth and duty. What we

have yet to record we deem equally worthy of the candid examination of all lovers of truth. To such, and such only, we commend our imperfect but indisputable narratives.

The fount of impartial wisdom is no longer barred. Children chant its praise, and the old ones drink at its stream. Its outflowings will purify and adorn mankind; and every barrier that impedes its progress shall be removed. We bow in gratitude to the Past; we hail with gladness the illuminations of the Present. Our immortal instincts will yet be felt as the Alpha and Omega of our being; and the connections they cherish have but begun their manifestation!

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN UNFINISHED POEM.
We deem ourselves enlightened—from the page
Of past delusions with contempt we turn;
"Lo! man hath reached his last and highest stage,
The whole is known, there's nothing more to learn."
So man, progressive, in some future age,
The God we worship and our creed may spurn—
What's God or Heaven or Hell, but man's creation,
Remodified in every age and nation!

Modern Theology, I must confess,
Is some improvement on the old ideas
Of gods and goddesses in full array;
Yet they were sacred, nor were worshipped less.
Whatever Creation follows, man returns:
Take anything you please and call it God,
And it becomes so—False is its end.

Build costly temples to it, let the smoke
Upon a hundred thousand altars rise,
Apparals priests mightily and invoke.
And call it from imaginary skies.
Some well-timed sermon with pious words,
A well-timed volume full of sayings wise,
And some new theory—it doesn't make
Much difference what—if only you "will" take.

The mystic symbol and the sacred sign,
The incense rising while the victims bleed,
The thial pomp, the decorated shrine,
Are little else, which all impostures need;
With priestly mummeries of false divine,
And all the blessings unto man decreed;
Which blessings are—"would" take too many verses
To name them all—'Till simply call them curses.

Send forth, O man, with all thy might of mind,
Thy gaze from hence into yon dome above,
Where other worlds, mysteriously designed
As is thine own, harmoniously move.
Look forth, O man, with superstitious mind,
And view the proofs of that immortal love,
Whose vast benevolence contrived the plan,
And peopled space to light the home of man.

Each star a world, to other worlds a star,
Moves in its own appointed pathway, led
By hands unseen; is the vast funeral car
Of unnumbered races of the dead
And unborn millions, million-folded—far
Stretching through ages to which ages add
Are but initial, twilight to the gloom
And deepening dark of ever-during doom.

And to each animated world of woes
Impressed and seal the varied being gives,
Through colored changes of Creation goes,
And bound in multiform existence lives.
Immortal, tortured in the separate throes
Of mortal anguish, in their survivors,
And immortal, with material bound,
Pursues through life and change its endless round.

See, mighty intellect! the lamps of Earth;
Celestial chandeliers hung out for man,
Whose overhanging splendors hail his birth,
And shed his glories o'er his little span.
Man! manufactured to supply the death
Of population in the Eternity—
How many thousands leave the world, a minute!
How many other thousands enter in it!

Of this eternal reproduction's sum
No mortal yet has ever made the figure;
Our highest nomenclature short would cease,
And still the grand totality be bigger.
The only animal that is not dumb,
The *Guns Home*, red and white and nigger—
One can't but gather, as the numbers swell,
A most conspicuous estimate of Hell.

Ante-diluvians and diluvians past,
Christian and pagan, Seryllian bond and free,
Jew, Turk and Infidel, the common host
Of all the living that have been or be,
Of tribes existing and of races lost—
The forest leaves, the drops that form the sea,
And all the sands that lie along its shore
Can't count with man—his number still is more.

And when you multiply the sum of these
By all the worlds that round about us roll,
Or all that one at starry midnight sees,
And give to each an individual soul,
Of all their separate immortalities,
The universe could scarce contain the whole;
Though disembodied, woman, man and child,
And from the nautilus to the zenith piled.

But though each soul created separate,
An immortality of good or ill
Obtain through death, and in some future state
Of joy or torment, be existent still;
And bear to other spheres its single fate,
Whence comes the soul the void it leaves to fill?
If soul be substance, then what re-supplies
Its vast evaporation to the skies?

New-York Conference

to encourage him to the work of reforming his fellow men, to which he entered as *Enthusiastic Missionary*, with the view of preparing to punish the people! In which position he found a great diversity of opinion, which caused him to pray that he might know the truth. It was not long before it was shown to him in a remarkable manner, that there was scarcely a vestige of the religion of Jesus either understood or practiced by the so-called Christians of the present day; and that their contensions, and all the evils in the Church, had grown out of the distance from the teachings of Christ and his Apostles; and the elaborate and useless theories of which he was a student. He acknowledged that he was lost, and knew that he was eternally lost to him who prayed. For a religious experience, which had greatly exalted his mind, he felt isolated to Cheltenham.

A GENTLEMAN opened the meeting by asking if Spiritualists really believe, as they teach, that the spirits of our departed friends can come back and communicate with us. The churches, he said, teach, and profess to believe in, the immortality of the soul, but their actions do not correspond with their teachings, and are profane. The principles of faith in the doctrines of Christ and his apostles were tried out by them and their followers, which is evidence that they do not believe what they taught; and if Spiritualists really believe that the spirits of our departed friends are sympathetic with those who remain in Christ's time, they will give evidence of their belief, as the Apostles did, by living out the principles which their teachings inculcate, and until they manifest their faith in Spiritualism in their lives, they need stand on the same hypocritical footing with the churches of the present day.

Mr. Levy continued the great misapprehension of the modern manifestations to be the establishment of individual sovereignty, leaving each one free to set as he sees fit, being accountable only to himself and his Creator. He illustrated what he deemed to be the difference between the Epistles of the present day and the Apostles of Christ, by relating the following anecdote: "A certain lawyer told Benjamin Franklin to explain the difference between the significance of the words 'also' and 'likewise'"; to which Dr. Franklin replied, "Mr. — is a distinguished lawyer. Now, you are a lawyer also, but you are not a lawyer *likewise*." So the believers in the modern manifestations are spiritualists, and the Apostles of Christ were spiritualists also, but not likewise; the circumstances under which they lived having been different from those which exist in this age. While the manifestations of that period were designed to give the world an idea of the immortality of the soul, those of the present day are intended to convince as they are *unmoral*, to prove to us that our spirit-friends can come back and converse with us, as

the reality of these various situations and loves which are formed in this world are not only raised but intensified in the Epistol period. At this time the speaker is a student of medicine, and is surrounded by medicine, and all other departments which engage the attention of men, who entertain particular epistates can not be so good to them, who differ from them; and that when any such individual change his views, he is almost sure to go from one extreme to the opposite, in his belief while it is plain to him that the truth must be between these two extremes. It seemed to him, that the man who will lay aside all prejudices, and calmly investigate important subjects for himself, is a true educator; and be considered Epistolical the true eclecticism of religion. He could not agree with those who say that spiritualism leads to infidelity. It is true that Spiritualists are infidel, if infidelity consists to a denial of the popular forms of religion; but Spiritualists as a body, he thought, were willing to admit the existence of a good, kind, and helpful spirit, who dwelt in them, and acknowledged the existence of Jesus Christ, and subscribe to the truthfulness of some portions of the Bible. According to the speaker's idea, Spiritualists are the true Christians, while the stigma of infidelity, instead of bringing to them, might more properly be applied to them who call themselves the Christians.

Two or three years ago, after the speaker had, by investigation, become convinced of the reality of spiritual manifestations, and when

was endeavoring to decide, in her own mind, what the tendency of spiritualism would be, he called at the rooms of Mrs. Con. When he entered, his attention was arrested by a lady and gentleman who sat at the table, and he noticed a smile on the lady's countenance, which contrasted singularly with the sabbly garb of mourning in which she was arrayed. The gentleman said to her, "Admitting that spiritualism is true, what good does it do?" She said in reply, that she had neither father, mother, sister, brother, husband, or child, in this world. He who had recently buried her last child—a non-interesting daughter but a few years old—and when she did so, it seemed to her as though her heart were torn out of her body. She said she was anxious to sympathize with her in the trouble of her soul, and the God of our popular Christian did not command himself to her affliction. "All is lost," she gloomily and sadly exclaimed. He said that he was a Unitarian, and was consequently unsympathetic. She said she had never been opposed to spiritualism, but as a *medium* she commenced its investigation, with a faint hope that she might get some tidings from her child; and since then, by *unconscious* means, her little spirit-daughter had proved to her that she still lives, in a better world than this; and she told her mother it would not be long before they would be reunited.

This lady said, from the time she commenced receiving communications from her little daughter, an interior light had shone upon her future; so that, instead of being unhappy and miserable, and regarding the world as dark and gloomy, she was happy, and it seemed to her as though the whole earth was rejoicing.

By HAZZARD, thought it important for Spiritualists to collate and exhibit all the testimony they are in possession of, in regard to the origin of communications claiming a spiritual source, for the reason that the last refuge of the oppressor is the theory, that the intelligences said to come from the Spirit-world is only the reflex of the minds of those in the circle. A case in point quite recently came under the speaker's observation. Two other gentlemen, a medium, and himself, sat at a table when the fact that one of them was troubled with a cerebral affluency induced the idea of asking the Spirits whether the threatened affluency was likely to become prevalent, when question was readily answered in the affirmative. This reply led them to ask if the Spirits were able and willing to give a general remedy for that complaint. The alphabet was once called for, when all present were confidently expecting to receive the desired prescription; and indeed, if, when the first two letters were given, any one had been suddenly called away from the circle, he would

Dr. Hailwood proceeded to say, "The world depends on the correctness of our observations, our integrity, and our testimony, for the principles upon which it can settle the mooted points in its philosophy. Its theological questions can only be settled, so far as it is possible for them to be settled, by and through the facts which it shall observe and carefully note. All philosophies and theories, whether in church, state, science or mechanics, which have preceded observation, have lived in an ephemeral life, and been destined, sooner or later, to die while life is forever. An explanation of the world is the work of facts, not of theories." John Ruskin wrote on "The Human Understanding," and Gail also wrote an essay on "The Human Understanding." The former wrote what he thought; the latter described what he saw; a white Locke's essay is among the waste paper of the world; Gail's gathers significance as time advances. The only difference in the

erks is their right—the one having been written in the advance fact, while the other followed fact. So all the Church theories, which the world has been turned upside down, have been set up in a stance of observation; while the world never went to logical heads as your theories which were proved by facts; and all the blood that ever flows in religious quarrels has been the result of theories which proved false.

"Now, the mission of modern spiritualism, and the legitimate duties of this Conference," said Dr. H., "are to testify of facts, and to let these facts settle their own theories." The theory which professes observation promises man no existence beyond the grave, while that which follows observation gives him conclusive proof of his future existence. How world-wide are these two theories, one based on fact, and the other preboded wholly on fact! Another theory, which is entertained by a portion of the human race, is that through the

A GENTILIAN might be told that Spiritualism and its effluent are very highly by Spiritualists in their meetings, while he had heard them say very little about Christianity and its effects, notwithstanding as he believed, spiritualists, as a general body, have formerly been so true religious denouncers; and he thought it strange that, among many, there should be none to speak in favour of Christianity, or give it credit for what it has done for them. For his own part, he was disposed to what he called Christianity—though others might

of the advantages afforded him by pious parents, and for the impressions made upon his mind by them, which continue to exert an influence on him to this day. When he had grown nearly to manhood, his mind exercised in relation to the future; he felt drawn towards his Creator, he had a strong desire to remove the darkness which clouded his mind in relation to himself, and he became much enlightened, so that his former seemed the vile the outer man. He visited New Orleans in 1854, when he witnessed some remarkable manifestations, which led

We did not wish to be understood as speaking against the spiritual movement, but as defending the just claims of Christianity, which had in his opinion, done more for the advancement of the race, in a given length of time, than Spiritualism itself. Still he could not reach in idealization that is beautiful and lovely. He could not admire its free platform, where every one is allowed the privilege of communicating his honest convictions; and he believed no one who desired to be admitted could attend such meetings as the New York Conference without becoming better; and he would frankly confess that he had never witnessed, at any other place, such superior advantages for improvement, or such perfect government where there was no organization.

Dr. Gray said that since he last attended the Conference, he had made a journey into the country, where he made it his business to inquire after Spiritualists. He found a good many in the way in which he took passage on the Erie Railroad, and everywhere else that he went, who seemed to be a pretty good kind of people. On the day of his arrival at Elmira, he found no difficulty in gaining access to a good circle, composed of half a dozen to a dozen Spiritualists; and in the evening of the next day he attended another sifting, which was equally interesting. On Monday morning, he attended the church of Rev. Mr. Remond, who preached and prayed a good deal of Spiritualism. In the afternoon of the same day he met the Spiritualists of that place, in a good school and academy, and met with the same kind of success.

One, which is conducted precisely as the New York Conference was, where men and women, including persons of all conditions as to externals, assembled there in harmony. There was no formal speaking. One person would propose a question to another, and after the one to whom it was addressed had answered it according to the best of his knowledge, some one else would give his views upon it, and in this way different ones would remark upon it until it seemed exhausted, when another question would be presented, which would be disposed of in like manner. During the time that some were asking and answering questions, the remainder kept silent, and when an opportunity was given to them to express their views, which it felt free to do, and the close of this conversation a holy spirit came from the multitude, but the speaker was compelled to leave the meeting, he did not hear her. It found the Spiritualists there well educated, possessed of advanced minds, and occupying precisely the position that many of the Spiritualists of New York do, concerning "Authority," the "Identification of Spirits," "Great names," etc, and they recognize the necessity of estimating spiritual communications at their real internal value, instead of making their alleged sources the criterion of the respect due to them. He thought the state of feeling existing in that community, the objects of their worship, and the manner of gratifying one, and he felt that he was running no risk in saying that they are interested in that subject without their close in the hearts and home of the Spiritualists there.

At their Conference on *Sunday*, one gentleman asked another what good result he had seen growing out of spiritual intervention; to which the gentleman interrogated replied that, through its influence he had seen, in a number of cases, evil habits, both physical and mental, abandoned, and greater simplicity of life, greater breadth of intellect, and greater purity of character, acquired; and when the same question was propounded to Dr. Gray, he answered that, as he felt justified in saying to his God and his fellow men, that as far as his experience and observation would enable him to judge, spiritualism has produced a manifest improvement in the character and habits of his friends and acquaintances in New York and on a considerable improvement in their happiness, which fact he contemplated with a spirit of thankfulness to Almighty God. He had, in the practice of his profession, witnessed scenes, in which great temptation and trial were overcome by the influence of spiritualism; and it seemed to him that the speaker who preceded him, ought to reflect that whatever there is good and true in Christianity, is practically exemplified and enjoyed by those who adopt spiritualism in earnest. "It is true," he said, "that the dogmas and creeds of the churches, and their fighting propensities which manifest themselves

that are called "spiritual conferences," have but little place in the life of the Christian. "The spiritual life," spoken through verse in daily life. "And," he continued, "the spiritual life is not a life of the future, but a life of the present, a life of the present, the freedom of our platform, and the good order of our meetings, without the machinery of organization, is the highest emblem that can be bestowed upon human assemblies." And the speaker believed, that the Christianity of act, of thought, or of deed, was no much received in the New York Conference, as in any other congregation of men on earth. "The work of the Apostle," he remarked, was to testify to the truth, which he himself had seen, and which he himself had experienced. "The spiritual life is doing with all their might and unto they are spreading the faith, and as far as they are able, unfolding the truths of spiritualism." He could not, however, agree with those who think spiritualists should have of working for the support of their families, and enter into various schemes, for the promulgation of spiritual truth; but he thought they could abundantly testify of them in their lives. He could not, however, agree with those who think that the spiritual life is the object of such being the regeneration of the individual man. The mission of Christ was to redeem man from sin; and the mission of spiritualism is the same. Christ made men mediums for the reception of truth from the highest source, and the Spiritualism of to-day does the same thing; and if Christianity came from God, modern Spiritualism as surely came from the same Divine source, because it tends to the same end.

The speaker closed by saying that, from his personal experience, he could testify to the value of spiritual intercourse as a protection against the temptations of this life and as a *solace* of inestimable worth in the sad trials of faith and patience with which it is so thickly covered.

Dr. Waddington arrived that next to the pleasure produced by the discovery of a new truth, there was none greater than that experienced in the discovery of an old one. In his investigations of modern Spiritualism he had always sought for the connection of past and present, and once thought himself a Christian in the popular sense of the term; but when he began to reflect seriously upon the mixture of religion and upon the evidences of Christianity, he became involved in most painful doubts as to whether he ought to receive what was said to be the testimony of men who lived eighteen hundred years ago. He was told by the Church that the book of the testimony was sealed up; that the age of miracles had passed away; and believing this he became, against his will, painfully skeptical as to whether there ever was an age of miracles, as to whether it were not all jugglery and deception, or "in accordance with well known scientific principles." He had, however, witnessed with his own eyes, and experienced in his own person, phenomena and legions to those recorded of ancient times, and had become convinced that it was a monstrous and pernicious error to say that the age of miracles had passed.

Christianity has been often spoken of in these meetings, and its identity with Spiritualism shown. There are two reasons why it is not often so mentioned by name. First, the meetings were instituted for the specific purpose of collecting, collating and criticizing the modern spiritual phenomena. Second, the term Christianity is an indefinite one, and a pronounced assembly nobody understands what is meant by it. Systems diametrically opposed to each other claim to be exponents of Christianity.

The speaker thought it would be gratifying to the friends who
service had been so often shocked by the announcement that the my-
story had been discovered and explained—to be informed that one of the
strong grounds taken against us was beginning to be abandoned.

Episcopal Recorder newspaper, published in Philadelphia, has discovered
that, after all, the devil theory does not account for the manifestation
In a late number, it enters into quite a labored argument to pro-
ve that the devil has nothing whatever to do with the subject. It asserts
"however, that the spiritual manifestations occur in accordance with
"well known scientific principles." It is quite astonishing to find
what "scientific" principles which have never been investigated by
by learned men, become "well known" and "scientific" principles
kind for the accomplishment of some sinister purpose. Under the
kind of inspiration more imaginations and vague typographical spring forth
at once into "well known science." As all this, to the attack of
and *Recorder*, the speaker said he would give the audience some specimens
possessing *Episcopal* Spirituality. He then read some interesting extracts
from a book, which will be published separately in our next issue.

cells, and the liver. How then can they bring themselves together for this purpose? It may be said, perhaps, by an attractive power of affinity with which they are endued for the purpose. But there can not be an attractive power or affinity between these particles that shall draw them to each other, just at the right time and place, to form these substances. There can be no attraction between certain particles of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon and other chemical substances diffused everywhere, that shall act upon just such particles as are necessary to form a potato or an apple, a fish or a bird, and bring just such particles together just in such a way, at the right time and in the right place. How, then, can they be brought together? Plainly, in no other way than by the action of some intelligent being who understands exactly what particular chemical substances are required to form the potato, the apple, the fish and the bird, and in what proportions and combinations they must be mixed and who exercises his intelligence and power for this purpose. Mind, sensation, intelligence and unobscured matter, can do this. It can only be done by an intelligent, conscious, controlling and powerful being. And this being is God himself. He is the immediate and direct agent in the production of all organized matter, whether animal or vegetable, by making use of the chemical properties existing in matter, and necessary for the exercise.

I have just received a letter from Theodore Parker at Boston, which enclosed in an envelope, and placed in the hands of Mrs. Kelllogg, is the paper given as a psychometrist, and as I regarded the reading as very strange, so far as it goes, I give it for publication, not for the sake of injuring Mrs. K., more fully before the public as a psychometrist, but as additional evidence of the existence of this wonderful faculty, the development of this power we can learn, not what people appear to be, but what they really are. Hypocrisy and deception are common, and the individual stands before the latterly unfolded delinquent character in all his naked reality.

How much injustice and wrong might be prevented, if this usage of soul were in more general use! How little we understand each other, and yet how great our means of ascertaining the secret springs of action! In this way we obtain the real character, without any form or opinion on the part of the designator, who may not know who the individual is until after the examination is concluded.

appear to me that there is much more good, and far less evil, even in world, than we at first are apt to imagine. We call all evil which is not harmonized with our plan of development, however right it is according to the great inherent principles of Nature. The earth seems to forget that there is no ultimate truth—that all truth is relative, and that our highest truth may soon be superseded by others higher. What progressive individual can look back ten years and say, that his highest truth then is so today? And so our different ages are only so many milestones, marking the progress we have made, but not the goal, the end, the final truth, the perfection, by which we are to be judged and characterized, judged, not by the good and evil of each other, and not, as hitherto, impugned the goodness and sacrificed of all who have entered us in the race.

Everywhere the best minds and characters are calumniated, not because they are evil, or have the world's good at heart, but because they are not understood. But the black-headed hyppocrite may walk in broad highway of the multitude, and be applauded for that which a tried man would never condemn to be guilty of. Psychometry, when perfected, will bestow honor where it is due, and unmask the craft heart. But to the reading.

B. F. RAYN, M.D.

PSYCHOMETRICAL PORTRAIT OF REV. THEODORE FAULKNER,

The spiritual element in this person is wonderful, but I think is as much the result of influx from spirits out of the body, as of his own spiritual and organic energy. This latter impresses very much as though it had been written by spirits. This man has a mighty power, and is impelled by an almost irresistible force in his movements—his mind is mostly exercised in one direction, that of the spiritual.

of direction, and on that subject he is an unequalled champion. Whoever comes within his influence yields to the force of reasoning. No one can ever fully throw off his influence—it is mighty and lasting in its power. The light of his brain is very brilliant, and still increasing. If he is a clergyman, he will vivify his audience—every movement leaves its mark. He has elevation of mind; an inward searching for all that is pure, lofty and inspiring. The intellect is mighty, and will swallow up all lesser minds; at times he is lost to all surrounding. He has expansive and critical views of things, and is a close observer of human character. He is a reformer, and thinks that the human mind can be brought to enjoy a far greater amount of happiness than it now does. He cares but little about penal sentences, unless founded in justice, but appeals to a higher law; he does not acknowledge any of the orthodox creeds, but is very true in his conceptions, far beyond and above the gross actual thought and life of society; large hope of the progressive development of the race; great respect toward the Author of all things, at none for creeds whatever. His religion is most decidedly of natural character; he respects people who have creeds—not their creeds.

The reasoning faculties are most remarkable; though his sphere is not unpleasant, but absorbing. His intuitions are very strong, and give great additional force to his reasoning; and there is no lack of energy to enforce the dictates of his judgment. His reasoning is very minute and distinct, so that his hearer is never left in doubt of his real meaning. Notwithstanding his power, there grows greatness in his manner, which is prompted by a benevolent feeling. If he is a theologian he is unsurpassed, and always reaches what seems to him truth, wholly regardless of popularity. In his sermons he would do far more to attract his hearer by the love of God and the beauty of a harmonious life, than to *dissuade* him by the forms of the devil or the fires of hell.

He receives great aid from Spirits, (and this is the reason why
was impressed in the commencement with the character being
spiritual,) but I think he is not aware of it, and would not
acknowledge it. He is kind and social in his feelings, charit-
able to all, and endeavors to be worthy of his name and calling.

TWILIGHT.

The twilight now—the golden sun
Has sunk in night to rest ;
While fleecy clouds reflect its light
With silvery tinted crest.

Oh, how I love this peaceful hour,
All nature seems at rest;
The time, the scene, the stillness, all,
With rapture fill my breast.

When day has passed, and winds are hushed,
And rustling leaves are still,
Pure thoughts (of ever such I have)

I fancy then (perhaps 'tis false)
That loved ones from on high,
Who dwell in realms of glory bright,
To earthly friends down such

For at such time my thoughts ascend,
From earth seem borne above;
Communion sweet I seem to hold
With those in heaven I love.

Sweet words they whisper in my ear,
And joyous news they bring ;
The grave of victory now is robbed,
And death has lost its sting.

This may be fancy; be it so;
Still twilight hours I love,
For then I hear, in accents clear,
Sweet music from above.

MORE SPIRIT HEALING.

EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:

Medicine of M. C. C. Y., and with a wish that others afflicted with this disease may be induced to test his healing powers, I would state that about four weeks ago, in lifting a heavy weight suddenly, I strained the muscles of the left side of my neck so severely that in a short time I was entirely unable to move my head in any direction. Inflammation and swelling supervened rapidly, with excruciating pain. In this condition the slightest attempt to move the head would cause spasms so severe a nature that I was unable to endure them without often screaming loudly. I resorted to the remedies usually adopted in similar cases. After using them several hours I found I was getting worse so rapidly that I was unable to lie down or use any exercise, and resolved to telegraph for Mr. Kington to come and see me. He arrived in the evening; he came after making gentle passes over the part affected, etc., for about twenty minutes, a profuse perspiration broke out over my whole surface, with intense heat and burning in my lower limbs, which increased on his making passes downward over my feet. From that moment the pain and spasms entirely ceased, the swelling and inflammation declined rapidly; I went to bed, slept soundly all night, not experiencing any pain or other inconvenience during the night. In the morning he repeated the manipulations a few minutes; I could move my head in any direction, and the swelling had subsided so much so that I was able to remain in my ordinary business, and I have suffered no more inconvenience from it to the present time.

Having been actively engaged in the practice of medicine for the past fifteen years, I know that cases of that nature continue for several days, and even weeks sometimes, under the ordinary course of treatment. Those who saw it, and were witnesses to the fact, consider it a miracle; but, like some of my brethren, I am no believer in miracles either ancient or modern. I consider the cure as accomplished by natural laws—laws that are as old as the Deity—and laws that will ever exist, notwithstanding the bold attempts of old Orthodoxy to

Should any one doubt the above statement, I am prepared to substantiate it by reliable evidence. Had this cure been performed by the agency of some powerful mediums or powerful medicine, we should have heard it highly, and the great things would have been heralded from one end of the continent to the other.

In conclusion I would say, should any be induced, by this brief and imperfect report to give Mr. Klayen a trial, I am assured they will not have cause to regret it. He may be found at No. 2 Cooper-street, Union N. Y. Mr. Klayen has been developed as a spirit-landing medium about one year, and during that period has had an extensive business persons from nearly all parts of the country have visited him. Had I time or space I could name numerous other cases that have been cared through his agency, within my own personal acquaintance. . . .

Mr. K. pays special attention to the development of mediums; those wishing to become developed will find it to their advantage to give him a call.

The noble cause of spiritualism progressing slowly and silently in this hitherto benighted portion of God's creation. Thanks be to a higher Power, that neither the clergy nor the laity have as yet succeeded in arresting its onward progress! Let unity, harmony and truth ever be the watchword, and the victory is ours.

Ever yours in the cause of human progress, R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON

